

THE MASSART Specac



HAYSTAC

HAYSTACK



Haystack Revisited

"Environmental art?" George Greenamyer, 3-D Professor, muses. "I don't know about art, I just know what I like. I just kinda wing it. D'ya know?"

Maybe so, but on October 5, 1981 George Greenamyer led 70 Mass Art students and faculty members Dean Nimmer, Janna Longacre, Ben Ryterband, Marilyn Pappas and Ann Wessman in two bulging buses to the rustic 40 acre Haystack Mountain School on Deer Island, Maine, to make art by collaborating with nature.

What were these people up to? In the lush, moss-covered pines of Haystack they wanted to conduct a four day experiment. They wed paint, wood, plastic, dye and materials of all description with the simple sticks and stones of nature. They wanted to see if city people could conjure up a new kind of art, merging their crafts and skills with the non-human givens of a rural coastal setting.

This second Mass Art expedition to Haystack, like similar jaunts in the past to Nantucket Island and to Great Island, Wellfleet, grew out of a unique, natural-landscape environmental workshop Greenamyer and 3-D Assistant Professor Janna Longacre offered on the Provincetown dunes five years ago. Many members of these excursions value the experience and long to go again. Garrison Roots (MCA '78), for instance, now himself an Instructor at the Swain School of Art, brought along a small contingent of his own students to participate in this workshop.

What was it like? With 70 artists wandering among the tides and the forests, the variety begs description. Kathy McAleer (MCA '82), a sculpture major, transformed tidal pools with biodegradable powdered paints. McAleer exults, "I saw the area as a great canvas; I simply celebrated spaces that deserve recognition and celebration. On another occasion at night, she directed a participatory performance at the coastline.

Others turned to the land to celebrate the forest. Karen Connors (MCA '82) raised concentric circles of woven branches from the cleared forest floor. Where marsh met forest, sculpture graduate student Susan Milnor ('83) created an arboreal breezeway leading to her surreal macro storyland.

Normally accustomed to working alone, student artists at Haystack often collaborated with others. Sculpture majors Henner Schroeder ('82) and Janice Sullivan ('82) worked with the concept of shelter as sculpture. Drawing upon each other's particular strengths, faculty members Greenamyer and Marilyn Pappas assembled structures of fabric and sticks among the shifting tides.

Howard Evans, director of the Haystack School and Fran Merritt, former director, were an avid audience. Addressing the assembled group, Evans urged respect for "the preciousness and sanctity of this special place," and instilled as Greenamyer describes it, "a proper consciousness and atmosphere at Haystack."

Assistant Professor of Ceramics Ben Ryterband says the trip was a chance to learn and create by ignoring rules. "I didn't have to be credible up there. I did not have to be 'teacher,'" he admits. "As artists, we have to break rules. And up there we weren't caught up in the syndrome of always achieving."

For Robin Caster (MCA '83), a sculpture major from Brooklyn, NY, Haystack was a chance to work in solitude with 100 pounds of clay. "I wanted to see if I could work totally by myself in a studio,"

Caster says. "I wanted to work and be by myself, and if that is what you want to do, Haystack is THE place. It is so good, you find out so many things about yourself. I know it sounds so Zenny but..."

Others, like Polly Proud (MCA '85) in Dean Nimmer's performance studio, spent four whole days dawn to dusk transforming themselves into the "Ping Pong Players" and improvising out of parachutes, push-brooms, and ping pong balls a collaborative, one-time-only performance. Like dancers, like mummers, without a written script, they mimed the sound of the forest rain, tapping rhythmically with their fingers on the darkened theatre floor, and, in contrast, they acted out the city subway's noisy staccato cacaphony.

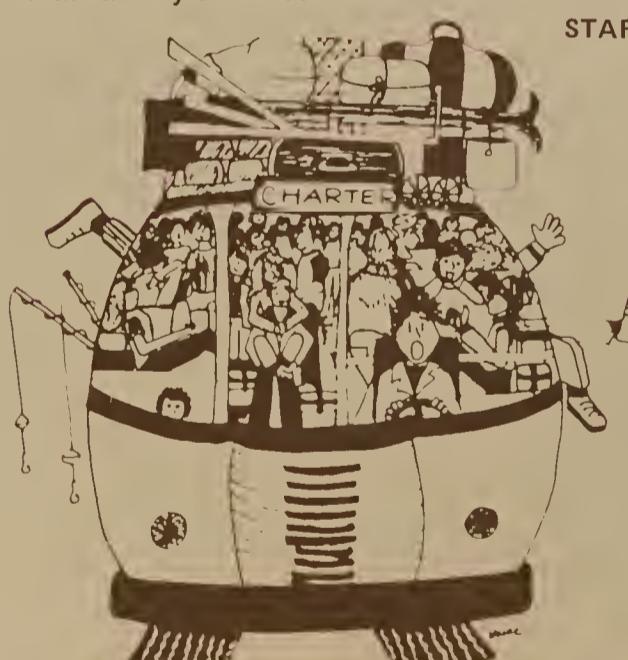
Finally, though, Polly Proud cherished most the euphoric sense of belonging. "We celebrated quite a few birthdays with cake and songs," she says. "The meals were served camp-style and the atmosphere felt like we were a big family sharing a common experience."

Were there any complaints? Karen Connors, who thought the trip "beautiful and inspiring," and who only wished she had time enough to complete her sculpture, thought "the (six hour) bus ride was awful." Polly Proud loved the food, but John Kennedy (MCA '84), a self described "meat and potatoes kind of guy," disdained the food as "wimpy, vegetarian in character." Ean White (MCA '84), who hit on the idea for the Ping Pong Players' dancing fingers rainfall, couldn't buy anything meatless from "a fast food cow place" on the bus trip home. SIM major Sandra Shoppell (MCA '82) wished for less partying and more serious contemplation.

But most Haystackers regard the trip as a significant event in their artistic growth. Completely surrounded by nature and natural materials, fibers major Renalda Maurice (MCA '82) felt stimulated, fascinated. "The more you think about it," Kathy McAleer muses, "the more it becomes a valuable experience. Students and faculty become closer to one another, the fact that you are free of worries, you are far from everything, relaxed...all that helped a lot."

Ben Ryterband sums up what many of the participants felt. "I found," Ryterband concludes, "that I can take my art anywhere without the need for supplies or materials and still create, knowing that I am my own medium."

STAFF



Closer to the Land

As the buses crossed the first water, excitement grew tremendously. Not far away was our destination, Haystack School of Crafts in the wilderness.

It was my first trip to Maine and the furthest north I'd ever been. People had tried to explain the beauty of the land and sea, and I was expecting a lot. The reality, however, was ten times what I had imagined.

The land was lush, rich and full of life. Crisp air, cool and clear, inspired a feeling of exhilaration. Down a steep mossy slope I discovered a shore, uniquely formed. Huge rocky coasts looked almost human with smooth curves and folds. Below this the sea stretched out, dark and cold. The first morning, at sunrise, I saw a group of seals, only their heads above water. In unison, they submerged. The only sounds and sights were lobster boats at dawn and dusk, birds, ocean,

wind, the tolling of the bell, and an occasional human, a fellow artist wandering around as happy as I was to be there.

Since I wasn't a 3-D major, I wondered what kind of "environmental" sculpture people had in mind. I felt sure that to celebrate this place was indeed a challenge.

But pretty soon, creativity seemed only appropriate. I began arranging rocks, wrapping space with string, and building campfires. Creations appeared here and there, unexpectedly, hidden away or out in the open, declaring that someone had been there. Someone discovered the spot and experienced it. I found myself smiling, knowing that I shared this place with another person.

The Haystack School environment was also a very special one. Everything was built in accordance with the land. The studios were spacious and well equipped. The staff at Haystack was most hospitable. Three meals a day were prepared and we all sat down to homemade breads, fresh vegetables, and much more. These meal times were significant because they were the only ones when we were all together to exchange impressions and experiences.

At night there were a lot of activities. If not attend an old movie or slide show, one could dance, watch a performance, sit by the fire, or go out into the night and contemplate a zillion stars.

This four day retreat formed a bond. We learned to understand nature better, and we were fortunate to have shared such a beautiful place.

Carrie Johnson

"Here Indeed was Paradise"

Almost bright and early on the morning of October 5, 1981, Mass Art students and faculty straggled onto the parking lot for a 6:30 departure to Haystack Mountain School on Deer Isle, Maine. Needless to say, we left promptly at 7:45, the two buses loaded with passengers and enough supplies to last us at least a year.

After a short detour into Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to pick up milk and cookies for the mellow autumn nights beside the fire, we plunged into the wilds of Maine. We stopped only to have a macrobiotic lunch at Howard Johnson's and to make a pilgrimage to Perry's Nut House in Belfast, Maine, where we stored up on souvenirs and, of course, nuts.

Round about 3:30, we finally arrived after a very long but spectacular ride through autumn splendor. After the noise and grime of the city, here indeed was paradise. The trees towered above us and ancient boulders fought for attention between the forests and the sea.

After we were settled into our various cabins we met for a hearty meal with a beautiful view of the campus and the ocean below us. Then we were on our own.

Everyone related to Haystack in his or her very personal way. Some arose early to take a swim or watch the sun rise, while others slept late in the unheated cabins, waiting until it was a little warmer outside. Some moved right into making art, while others wandered, looking for a special spot or simply reveling in the stark beauty of the environment.

We convened at mealtimes or when we chanced upon each other on the rocks or in the trees. Every evening there was a potpourri of activities which ranged from quiet chats by the fire to a robust performance by Dean Nimmer's Ping Pong Players. There were movies every night, including *The Vampire and Reefer Madness*, and there were slides of other environmental site-works. And of course, the music played late into the night as we drank our milk and wolfed down cookies.

What we gave to Haystack was our enthusiasm and respect for the opportunity to learn from the environment; what we gained was much more than a sojourn from the hectic pace of the city; we gained a clearer understanding of ourselves and each other.

Haystack Mountain is a magical place for artists and for those who want to really feel what it is to be alive.

Nancy Eaton

HAYSTACK FUNNIES presents **TOC THE ROCK** with **PRIM TONE** and **ELMER GWEAL**

By DAVE STICKNEY



'The Development of a Self Portrait in Blue' — Sandy Shoppele and Ean White

Survival Kit

We need your help in putting our survival kit together. The second MCA Special will focus on information we can all use—Who can tell me about student exchange programs?—How do I find a decent apartment in Boston?—What's a good cheap restaurant near Mass Art? etc. Please take 10 minutes to answer our questionnaire. We need to know what you're concerned about! What you know can help us all!

Return your questionnaire to the Newspaper box at the Longwood or Overland guard's desk.



STAFF

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HAIL THE MASS. ART HOCKEY TEAM !!!



Photos by Carla Osburg

Justa for yew
..... becuz yew
a regalah customah!

Mmmm 25 flavors

Mass Arts Cafeteria Ogre

For yew only 65 American cents

For yew... yummy flavors

Not hot cocoa

..... hot chocolate in America!

Still.... only 35 cents U.S.

For yew avocado flavor

For yew prune flavor

For yew coconut flavor

For yew cod liver flavor

For yew many many more



MCAC OGRE

Fake Advertisement



Come to SPINOFFS on Lansdowne St.
Wed. March 10, 1982 9:30 p.m. to 12:30 p.m.
\$4.00 Admission---Free Skates with Mass Art I.D.

egg drop



It's Egg Drop time again! You can see the festivities this Wednesday morning—March 3 at 8:00 a.m. in the Mass. Art cafeteria

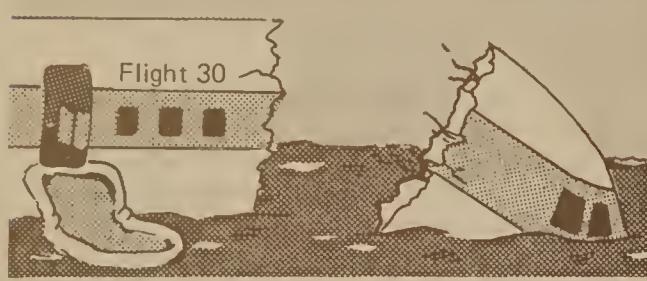


Introducing Ourselves

This newsmagazine, *The Mass Art Special*, is the work of students in Robert Gerst's news writing class and students in Dean Nimmer's newspaper studio class. We intend to spotlight special Mass Art projects and concerns which the weekly *Mass Art Bulletin* can not adequately cover.

In this first sampler issue we're spotlighting a significant art-making fieldtrip, George Greenamyer & Co.'s expedition to Haystack.

Later this semester in our major publication, *The Mass Survival Kit*, we intend to spread the work about people, places, and things that can make your life better in and around Mass Art. How about, right now, sounding off to us? Please help us help you by filling out the questionnaire enclosed. WE have a mailbox at the guard's desk at the main entrance of both the Longwood and Overland buildings. Contributions, suggestions, most of all, questionnaires are absolutely welcome.



Lila Chalpin Survives Air Crash

The plane that slid into Boston harbor hit home at Mass Art—Associate Professor Lila Chalpin was aboard.

Chalpin, who injured her neck on the evacuation chute during the dark confused moments she was rescuing another passenger, was given first aid at Mass. General Hospital and immediately released.

A frequent flyer, Chalpin was traveling alone on World Airlines flight 30, returning from Oakland, California after an inter-session visit with her daughter. "At first," Chalpin recollects, "it only seemed like a rocky landing, and then a skid and a boom." When the DC-10 lurched to a halt in the water just beyond the runway, she "smelled electricity burning in the air," but like everyone else in her mid-plane cabin, she was unaware that the cockpit had split off.

The cabin was dark and confused. An engine in the water, Chalpin says, burst into flames as the yellow life jackets popped from under the seats, and another engine outside continued to roar. Waiting for instructions from the pilot—instructions which never came—the stewardesses, says Chalpin, seemed confused and not in control.

"Open the doors!" screamed a passenger, who identified himself as a former pilot.

The doors opened, Chalpin remembers, and the yellow escape chutes flopped out into the night. Debris, mud, water sucked up by the roaring engine, were flying everywhere. Chalpin donned a lifejacket and headed for the starboard side of the plane. Like all the other passengers, she had no idea where the plane was.

She stood in the doorway, she says, looking out into "that 12 seconds of fear" before resigning herself to sliding down the chute into the darkness. But she couldn't slide. The chute was blocked with debris. A few feet down Chalpin spotted the woman she saved. "I saw an old woman hanging on," Chalpin recalls, "and heaved her back on board the slide. I had no sense of the bank, the water, or the slide."

The chute gave out into the dark icy water. When she saw the bank, she waded towards it, thankful she had not removed her shoes, and came to shore at the end of the frozen runway. A young man she never saw again gave her a coat. The airport firetrucks were arriving. As Chalpin climbed inside a rescue vehicle, an elderly man beside her, a passenger, gasped and grimaced—an apparent heart attack. An ambulance took him away.

"It took about an hour and a half for the buses to arrive," Chalpin declares. During that time she thought about her son, waiting for her in the terminal, and regretting the photos of her daughter tucked away in her luggage she felt certain she had lost forever. She surprised herself with her own calm composure.

This month or next, Lila Chalpin plans to fly again.

Jeff Schantz and Staff



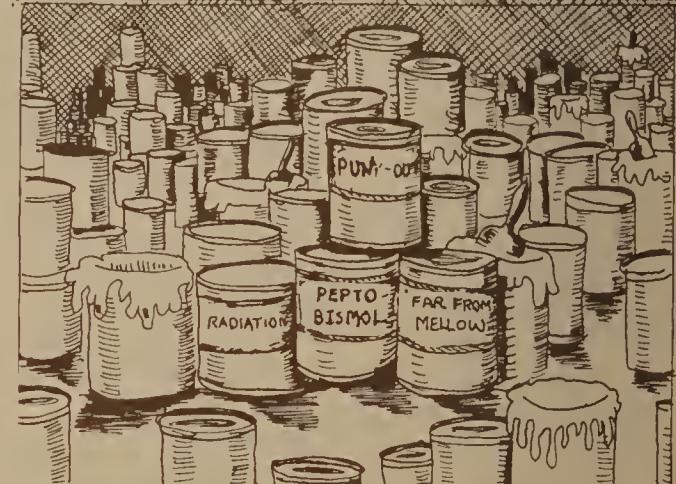
JUST 900 GALLONS LEFT!!!!

Perfect for your institutional needs!

Sensational Colors

- *PEPTO BISMOL PINK
- *RADIATION ORANGE
- *PUNKED-OUT PURPLE
- *FAR FROM MELLOW YELLOW

NO RUSH—We can't give 'em away!!!!!!
CALL MASS. ART ASK FOR BILL



We the students of Mass. College of Art wish to express our extreme dissatisfaction with the recent actions of the administration. We believe it is wrong that the administration has chosen cosmetic considerations of the school to be more important than the functional order and safety of our studios.

We feel this administration would better serve the greater needs of our college by addressing our most urgent problems and informing the officials of the State College System that we are rapidly losing our ability to function as a viable institution.

Pros & Cons

- 'It's better than before'
- 'Everybody's so conservative--The same people who rollerskate on the stairs and fill the gallery with rocks and sand are shocked by this'
- 'You know what floor you're on'
- 'Reminds me of my childhood'
- 'It surprises my appetite'
- 'I like it--If anyone doesn't I'll punch them out!'

- 'It's an embarrassment'
- '\$4000 for this'
- 'No workstudy --Cuts in financial aid--No money for repairs or improvements and we're hiring contractors to paint walls that don't need paint'
- 'These colors interfere with my work'
- 'It sucks'
- 'It bites'

WHAT DO YOU THINK? LET US KNOW.



Announcements

Break time is a common time for everyone at Mass. Art now. From 1:00-2:00 every day all students are out of class. There are Dance classes, Yoga lessons, Health seminars, Marketing and portfolio sessions going on everywhere in the school. Please take advantage of this new program for every single student. Don't say that you broke either—it doesn't cost a penny to you— See MCA bulletin for workshops

Free Self Defense Workshop

A self defense workshop is being offered by Frank Tipping, an MCA student and former policeman. The workshop is free and sponsored by the Women's Committee.

Frank teaches survival techniques and "dirty street fighting" methods for women. The classes are held in the Longwood Bldg. Wednesday, Thursday & Friday from 12:30-1:30 pm in Room C8.

For a full calendar of weekly events, see the *Mass. Art Bulletin*.

If you would like to announce an event or project, submit the information to the *Mass. Art Special* by April 1, 1982.

Haystack SLIDE SHOW



Slides of the artwork from the haystack expedition will be shown on:

Tues. March 9, 1982
7:00 p.m.
Longwood cafeteria
and
Thurs. March 11, 1982
12:00 noon
Space 46 Longwood

The illustration depicts a chaotic scene of a student's survival kit. In the foreground, there's a tent labeled 'Haven'. Next to it is a box labeled 'FIRSTAID' with a red cross. To the left, there's a box of 'CHERRIES', a can of 'SPAM', and a bag of 'MANURE'. A small campfire is visible, with a person sitting nearby. In the background, there are more tents and debris, suggesting a makeshift living situation.

MASS ART SURVIVAL KIT

Your name _____

Questionnaire

Please give us clear, brief, and serious answers to the following questions:

1. List 3 questions you have on your mind concerning Mass. Art.
(Example: Can students arrange for shows at Mass. Art? or Who's in charge of Financial Aid?)
A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
2. List three questions you need answered about living in Boston.
(Example: How do I find a decent apartment? or What's a good place to hear jazz in Boston?)
A. _____
B. _____
C. _____
3. Tell us what you know! Recommend places or services that you have experienced. Give us details such as name, location, costs etc. The closer to Mass. Art the better!
 - A. **Housing** (best source for apartment listings, a good realtor, good locations to find apartments etc.)

 - B. **Food** (best grocery, best restaurant, best food coops etc.)

 - C. **Clothing** (best place to buy men's, women's, or kid's, secondhand etc.)

D. **Transportation** (Best place to buy a car, a good mechanic, bikes etc.)

E. **Services** (do you know an excellent dentist, doctor, lawyer, carpenter, electrician, bank, laundromat, shoe repair etc.)

F. **Shopping** (best hardware store, art supplies, fabric store, furniture, appliances, antiques, records, books etc.)—new/used

G. **Recreation** (best gym, tennis court, golf course, swimming hole, jogging area, roller rink etc.)

H. **Entertainment** (best bar, nightclub, dance place, movie house, arcade etc.)

I. What services or products do you know of that are *free* (health services, legal, free space etc.)

J. What services or products can you offer to trade or sell? (matting, carpentry, sewing, haircutting etc.)

Name _____

Phone or Address _____

Type of Service _____

Cost _____

K. What did we omit?

Question _____

Answer _____

Look for the answers to these questions in the April issue of the **Mass. Art Special**—“Mass. Art Survival Kit”!